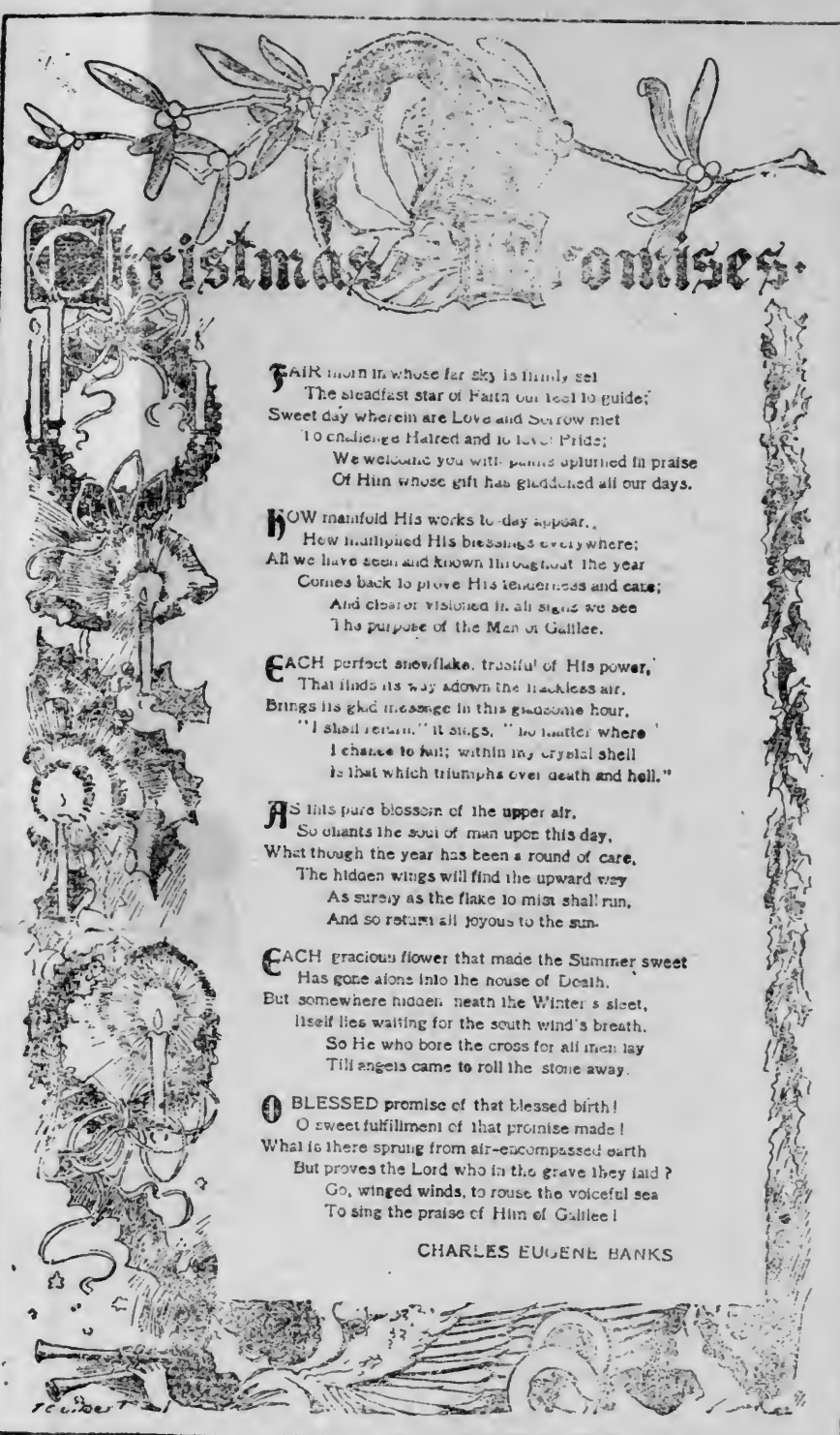


"TELL MY FRIENDS TO BE BRAVE AND FEARLESS, AND LOYAL TO THE GREAT COMMON PEOPLE."



FAIR moon in whose far sky is faintly set
The star of Bethlehem to guide;
Sweet day when Love and Joy meet
To challenge Hail and to love's Pride;
We welcome you with gladness to praise
Of Him whose gift has guided all our days.

HOW manifold His works to-day appear,
How manifold His blessings every where;
All we have seen and known throughout the year
Comes back to prove His tenderness and care;
And closer vision in all signs we see
The purpose of the Man of Galilee.

EACH perfect snowflake, trifold of His power,
That finds its way down the trackless air,
Brings its glad message in this gloomiest hour,
"I shall return," it sings, "no matter where
I choose to bring, within my crystal shell
Is that which triumphs over death and hell."

AS this pure blossom of the upper air,
So plants the soul of man upon this day,
What though the year has been a round of care,
The hidden wings will find the upward way
As surely as the flame to man shall run,
And so return all joyous to the sun.

EACH gracious flower that made the Summer sweet
Has gone alone into the house of Death,
But somewhere hidden, near the Winter's seat,
Itself lies waiting for the south wind's breath,
So He who bore the cross for all men lay
Till angels came to roll the stone away.

BLESSED promise of that blessed birth!
O sweet fulfillment of that promise made!
What to these things from sin-compassionate earth
But proves the Lord who in the grave they laid?
Go, winged winds, to rouse the voiceless sea
To sing the praise of Him of Galilee!

CHARLES EUGENE HANKS

SANTA CLAUS
.....BY.....
PROXY

...A... Christmas Love Story

By
CHARLES MOREAU MARGER

FIFTY miles, sixty miles, seventy miles—seventy-three miles! The indicator in the roadmaster's car attached to the overland flyer showed that the train was making swift time across the level plains. Ahead, in the Pullman, passengers scarcely noticed the speed. They were wishing the long winter night were over and were thinking of cozy firesides back east.

Frank Martin left the indicator without a word to the roadmaster, whose guest he was for the trip to his ranch, westward for the tenth time that evening. He looked anxiously up the aisle of the Pullman. There she was—petite, dark-haired, pensive, alone.

After a moment of indecision he approached her. "May I bring you something from the dining car?"

"Nothing, thank you; I am doing very well."

What was the use? She had only nodded when he encountered her on the train. It was quite an accident that they met thus after their infancy at the seashore. He did not know that she was going to a new home with her uncle in California. She would not let him explain the past. It was almost time for him to get off at his ranch—for the train was making 73 miles an hour! How he wished it would slow up!

Hardly had the thought passed through his mind when there was a jolt—a crunching, grinding sensation, a lurch—and then suddenly stopping. No one who has been in a wreck will ever forget it. The Pullman tipped sideways, and that was the end. Marvin was at Alice's side when it was over. He took her arm, and, looking into her white face, calmed her fears: "It is all right now—off the track—no more danger."

He left her, to help the passengers in the smoker who were imprisoned and somewhat injured, then returned.

He gathered her baggage, and, without permission, told her to follow. With the remainder of the passengers they took up a cold and sorrowful tramp along the track across the bleak prairies to the little town, three miles away, where lights twinkled a friendly greeting.

Frank tried to be sociable. "It was a narrow escape," he ventured.

"Yes." Nothing more. She would not "I hear that you and George have quarreled."

"Well, I guess not. It's altogether too near Christmas."

"Heavens, man, how do you happen to patronize a free lunch counter?"

"Case of necessity, old boy. My wife and the girls have been out Christmas shopping."

ceremonies, tiptoed back to Marvin.

"We need two more to help in the do's," he whispered. "Won't you un's come?"

Frank laughingly arose, and the dainty Miss Reisen, having no other choice, followed him.

Behind the curtain, what a sight met their gaze! A Christmas tree, it was, to be sure. There were no evergreens nearer than the mountains, and to make up for the deficiency the plainmen had secured a dry cottonwood and wound its straggling branches with green paper. The appearance would have been ludicrous had it not been a little pathetic.

"Not much like the pines of the beach where we used to rest last summer," whispered Frank to his companion.

"You and the other—I presume you mean," was the withering response.

"Alice—Miss Reisen, what do you mean?" but the gaunt captain interrupted. "You, young lady, I'd like you to be the lady. Our leadin' lady is sick, an' you look like her."

Entering into the spirit of the occasion, Miss Reisen accepted the task.

"You'll have to wear some wings," and there would be a little scene, but nothing for you to do but look pretty—you don't need no coachin'!" he added, gallantly.

"Great admirer of yours," suggested Frank, as the functionary moved away. Alice did not reply.

The wings were brought, and they seemed almost large enough for the wearer to soar with. She put on the costume and danced a two-step across the rude stage.

"Yeh musn't do that, lady; this is for the benefit of the churches, an' th' folks wouldn't like it," said the manager, with a grin.

Then came up one of the women of the town, who seemed to have a part of the management. She gave some instructions as to what would happen, and Miss Reisen listened intently. Another listened, but she did not know it.

The programme of the evening opened with a number of songs and recitations, to which the passengers from the train gave the most earnest attention and hearty applause. Marvin seemed wonderfully at home. Miss Reisen thought, and was calling men by their first names as if he knew them. He was behind the scenes a good deal; too much, she thought, also, and it worried her, for he was the only one in all the house that she could call on as a friend.

So she was not sure if the story her cousin told her were false or true.

Then came the time for the Christmas tree "do's," as the manager called the exercises. The big curtain was dropped, and the children of the prairie farms and ranches gave an audible "Oh!" as the beautiful green-paper-wrapped cottonwood, lighted with candles and glistening with tinsel, all brought from the city 400 miles away, burst on their eyes. Many of them had never seen an evergreen, and this was a fulfillment of all their anticipations.

Before the tree stood the fairy, her wings and robe making her almost ethereal in the sight of the little ones. Behind was the open mouth of a chimney, and far off rang the horn of Saint Nicholas as he approached over the housetops on his sleigh. It was cold enough outside for his biggest furs, and when he came laboriously down the chimney and stood amid the group on the stage he was the very picture of the Santa Claus of their dreams.

Swiftly he made the rounds of the tree, and in guttural tones told the little folks to help themselves. Then he did what was

even turn her face toward him in the moonlight. They trudged on in silence.

The town was glad to see them. It gave them the best it had, and none suffered. But its heart was not wholly in the work. One long-gaited citizen, evidently originally from the south, explained it:

"Yeh see, we 's agoin' ter hev' the Christmas do's tonight at th' hall."

"What? I'd forgot that it was Christmas eve," broke in Marvin. "Let's all go over. The passengers from the Pullman car, finding that they could not continue their journey until the following day, as well as many of the others, agreed. Well humiliated by, they took their walk through the chilly streets, where blew the bitter north wind of the plain.

The hall was nothing more than the upper room over a store. It was filled to the aisles, but the exercises had not yet begun. The southerner, who was master of not on the house—the apron of the fairy, and in the same way, she exclaimed: "You are to go with the on my travels tonight. Come."

For a moment she stood irresolute, not knowing if this were part of the programme. Then, thinking it must be, she took the heavily-gloved hand, and, with a bow to the audience, stepped back and back, until both were swallowed up in the vast depth of the chimney.

But they did not go upward. Santa Claus opened a door in the rear, and they were outside the noisy hall and in the dressing room.

Suddenly Santa Claus stripped off the heavy wings and crown from the fairy, and handed her his furs. "Come with me," he said, masterfully.

"What do you mean?" she replied.

"This," and he threw down the mask and wig, the fur coat and heavy gloves—before her stood Frank Marvin.

"I asked you to come with me on my travels, and you consented, as you did once before—but this time it is for life."

Alice Reisen laughed a little hysterically. "But you know what happened before, Frank!" The last word was a caress, so tenderly was it spoken.

"Yes, I know from what you said a little while ago—you thought my sister was another girl in whom I was interested. There was and can be no other girl but you." And then they talked it all over, for good.

The candy and toys were distributed from the green-paper-wrapped tree, when they returned to the hall. They did not remain long, but went out under the stars and to the little parsonage across the way. Frank had sent a friend for a license, and in a trice they were married.

A team and carriage were at the door, and away they were whirled through the beautiful but crisp prairie night.

"To the ranch," ordered Frank, and then added: "It was a miracle that the train stopped right here in my own town. The big ranch-house is ablaze with light out there, and all is ready for you."

So the train went on toward the mountains without two of its passengers.

"Do you know," whispered Frank, as the train drew up to the ranch-house, almost a mansion out there on the plains, "I've received the best Christmas present of all to-night?"

"But you had to be your own Santa Claus to get it," laughed Alice.

An Eye for the Present.
Miss Sumner: No, I cannot give you my answer until the first of next year.

Mr. Softleigh: But, why? You say you love me, and—

Miss Sumner: Why, you silly thing! If our engagement were announced now, none of the other men would send me a single Christmas gift.—Baltimore American.

Christmas Forestry.
All trees men should love, but his life's dearest joy
Should cherish that tree which blooms
Candies and toys.
—Chicago Record.

An Afterthought.
"John," asked Mrs. Torkins, tearfully, "do you remember the present Mrs. Page gave me last Christmas?"

"Yes," replied her husband; "what of it?"

"I am almost sure I have sent it to her this year."—Brooklyn Life.

Aftermath.
We learn to know at Christmas
Life still is full of life.
To-day we get presents,
Next week we get the bills.
—Judge.

One Token Barred.
"Dearie, what do you want me to give you for Christmas?"

"Well, precious, I've got 11 framed photographs of you now."—Detroit Free Press.

Wall from the Old Boy.
Don't offer costly gifts with which
That Christmas tree is hung;
Just give me back the appetite
I had when I was young.
—Chicago Record.

Inaudacious.
Mamma—Santa Claus only comes to good boys.

Johnny—Huh! If he did he wouldn't have to hustle much to get around.—Puck.

THE GOSPEL OF PEACE.
MANKIND DID NOT FULLY UNDERSTAND IT UNTIL CHRIST WAS BORN.

WHAT is tenderest and best in the heart of man is evoked when the keys of memory are touched and the song of the Christ-day is sounded. It is the music of the home and the loved, a glad, subdued, melody recalling the earliest days of recollection—anger rush for well-lit pendulum, for the laden Christmas tree, with its glow of all the household. Aye, and the eager, trusting about the house with me, light and joyous greeting for all. The home-coming of the absent and the gathering of all about the family board.

Whether the corridors of our memory mansions be long or short—our lives be many or few, the harmonies ring along them just the same, telling of the presence in the heart of that which is old as immortality, and which shall never die—love. There, then, this Christmas day, that Christmas day, and every Christmas day, is present in the heart this love for the home, with its inmates, for friends and for humanity.

The Christ-day practice of opening the heart to universal influence is born of the teachings of Him whose birth the day commemorates. His life beautiful, the life founded, is only completely perfect life. He taught the lessons of love, gentleness, mercy, compassion, forgiveness, benevolence, chastity and self-denial. What is higher and best in humanity is of His teaching, and from the latter has come the Christ-day home, the best development of unselfish affection and contentment to be found among men.

The Christ-day is attuned to melody that ever shall thrill the soul and cause it to bring forth what is best in it. The herald song of the angels to the shepherds on the plain is fresher, stronger, closer, more harmonious than ever, in the light of the never-blessings which have come from the Gospel of His peace. The lesson of real humanity, refined, Divine altruism, and not the conser song sometimes called by this

name, was unheard of until from His peace on the Mount of Beatitudes He gave it forth, music sweeter than angels ever sang, that higher song that man lives not unto himself alone, and that the greatest happiness is that which comes of doing good unto others.

Peace on earth! good will to men! That higher song which lifts man above himself and makes him but little lower than the angels.

The Christ theme will never die. First heard on the plains of Bethlehem, with the flowing Herod temple but three miles away, within whose walls were heard the teachings of the law of revenge and love of self, heard there for the first time, it has been sounding ever since, spreading wider and wider, until now it compasses the whole earth. In Christ's day Rome had waxed to its noon of majesty, yet Rome passed and was not. On that kingdom rose other kingdoms, which perished in their turn. Since He lived one system after another system of philosophy has been built up, only to be torn down again. But the words of the Christ be and abide, and they shall stand forever, influencing men to nobler lives and higher results in living. His Kingdom is an everlasting Kingdom, and of its duration there shall be no end.

Meet and right is it, then, that the Christ-day shall be one of gladness in the human heart; that the children shall take part in it, since He loved them and blessed them, and that gifts shall be exchanged in token of that love for one another, which He bore for all humanity.

WILLIAM ROSSER COBBE.

Shattered Her Ideals.
Miss Askit—Why is Miss Wunder so pessimistic about Christmas?
Miss Tellie—She hung up a \$12 pair of silk stockings last year, and some one stole them.—Baltimore American.

A CHRISTMAS ACCIDENT.
IT PROVES THAT VANITY SOMETIMES IS ITS OWN PUNISHMENT.

HONESTY is the best policy," sighed Florence, "especially when Christmas is near," she added. "Which means?" queried her dearest friend, sagely.

"Which means that my vanity is too near the tip of my tongue for my own good. Luckily that is a common complaint, however, else I'd never mention it."

"Oh, I understand, you expected somebody to give you a handsome present, and sent an equally handsome one on the chance. Oh, well, comfort yourself; perhaps she really believed the price you had marked upon it."

"That wasn't it at all. You remember that Dick went abroad early in the fall, don't you?"

"I do—he has told me every incident of his trip, every time I have met him since his return."

"Of course—what else did he go abroad for? Well, he came to see me the day that he went away. He—no, he told me what a pretty little hand I have."

"Ah, well, you mustn't expect people to always mean what they say."

"I am glad that some people do not, dear. I just mentioned the fact that I always wore a No. 6 glove—Oh, if you are going to take it in that way—I am sure that I always did until I was 16 years old!"

"Oh, but that—"

"I am glad that you have the grace to apologize, dear. Well, Dick failed to bring me a present when he came back, but I was just as sweet and nice as ever, because Christmas was so near that—"

"There wasn't time to quarrel and make up, especially with a man who is as popular as Dick."

"No. When Christmas eve arrived he came to call, with a box in his pocket, which he gave me plainly that I could see it with my back turned. He drew it out at last—just as my patience was exhausted, and, Oh, Anne, it was two dozen pairs of gloves that he had brought me from Paris!"

"Oh, how really lovely of him!"

"It would have been, but for the fact that they were number sixes, and each pair had my monogram embroidered on it, so that I could not exchange them!"

"Oh, dreadful! What could be worse?"

"That he insisted upon seeing me put a pair of them on!"

Giving Him a Chance.
"Harriet, you ought to give me my choice of a Christmas present once in a while."

"Well, Harry, I'm willing; do you want a lamp-shade, a sofa pillow or new lace curtains?"—Chicago Record.

Inevitable.
The seasons come, the seasons go—Christmas is here before we know it. When we must take our hard-earned cash and indiscriminately blow it.—Puck.

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[OPENED 1900.]

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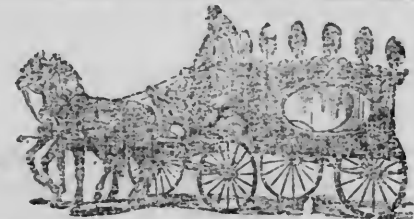
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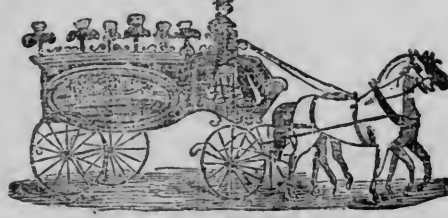
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Stock Complete FINE HEARSE Attached. Can furnish Metallic Caskets and have

Embalming done on short notice.

Come and see me, anything I have not got can get for you on first aim that leave the city.

ORDERS by wire—Promptly Filled.

ASTHMA CURE FREE!

ASTHMALENE BRINGS INSTANT RELIEF And Permanent Cure in All Cases.

SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL.



THERE is nothing like Asthmalene. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.

The Rev. C. F. Wells, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full-size bottle."

WE want to send to every sufferer a trial treatment of ASTHMALENE, similar to the one that cured Mr. Wells. We'll send it by mail POSTPAID, ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE, to any sufferer who will write for it, even on a postal. Never mind, though you are despairing, however bad your case, ASTHMALENE will relieve and cure. The worse your case, the more glad we are to send it. Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO., 79 East 130th St., N. Y. City. Sold by all Druggists.

Mt Vernon Signal

FRIDAY, DEC. 27, 1901.

Published every Friday by
EDGAR S. ALBRIGHT.

SUBSCRIPTION ONE YEAR \$1.00

Advertising rates made known on
application

"OLD HICKORY" CHIPS.

(By Our Associate Editor.)

What did Mr. Roosevelt expect to hang on that Massachusetts Crane?

If William Allen White is bald, how in the deuce will Boss Platt take his scalp?

If Mr. Roosevelt keeps on driving nails in his political coffin it will soon be all nails.

Common sagacity should have kept Mr. Roosevelt from committing himself against Schley.

Mr. Roosevelt seems to be cultivating the practice of kicking republicans out of office.

A joint discussion by Gov. Van Sant and Mr. Schwab, on "Are the trusts dead?" would be interesting.

Gen. Nelson A. Miles is loved for the reprimands he has received for not bending in adoration of the powers that be.

If Secretary Long wishes to make the people a New Year's gift that will be appreciated he will tender his resignation.

All honor to Gov. Van Sant for declining to be bulldozed or cajoled into letting up in his fight on the big railroad trust.

King Eddy seems more likely to be known in history for his coronation dress decrees than for any act of statesmanship.

Senator Hanna is loudly advocating peace between capital and labor, but he isn't saying a word about peace between himself and Senator Foraker.

The people of this country regard that reprimand as a new honor for Gen. Miles and another demerit for the administration.

Chauncey Depew has landed on the other side and resumed the talk where he left off. Incidentally he has also taken a bribe.

Wanted—An effective muzzle for talkative army and navy officers. Send samples to T. R., White House, Washington, D. C.

Kansas kept up its reputation as a producer of the extraordinary when one of its writers pierced the thick skin of Senator Platt, of N. Y.

The points of resemblance between the characters of the Emperor of Germany and the President of the U. S. have been quite conspicuous of late.

Mr. Schwab, president of the big steel trust, must be envious of the notoriety Hanna gained by saying that there were no trusts, or he would not have said that trusts are forever dead.

It is now up to Congress to see that justice is done to that brave officer and gentleman, Winfield Scott Schley; if Congress fails, it will be for the people to act, and they will do it.

Mr. Payne, the coming Postmaster General, will need all the political shrewdness he has been credited with to keep the Roosevelt machine from going to pieces on the rocks of popular disgust.

The man who is doing the best work toward the return of the democratic party to power is Hon. Theodore Roosevelt. He has only to keep it up to make the next President a democrat.

Wise holders of cable stock will not be in a hurry to exchange it at par for stock in Marconi's wireless telegraph system, notwithstanding reports of a panic among holders of cable stock in London.

All coughs look alike to the people of the District of Columbia. Therefore they are not getting excited over the substitution of one North Carolina "nigger" for another North Carolina "nigger" as one of their best-paid local officers—the Recorder of deeds.

LOCALS FROM SIGNAL OF CHRISTMAS 1887.

All peaceable on Brush creek.

Mumps is raging at Mareburg.

Lee Coffey injured by boom pole.

Boys are being arrested for jumping.

Salt at Albright & Co's., Brodhead.

Whitehead's drugstore for Xmas trux.

Colby Hays thrown from horse and hurt.

John R. Vowels is the devil in this office.

Cheap Holiday goods at Williams' drugstore.

Mrs. J. W. Nesbitt is giving instructions in music.

Bargains at Thompson's in all lines of merchandise.

Jack Catron went to Wayne county to get married.

Pat Welsh ran our army press at rate of 400 copies per hour.

Adam Catron went to Atlanta, Ga., with a car load mules.

James Rash adjudged insane and ordered to Lexington asylum.

H. H. Wood, the clever Disputant merchant, was here Tuesday.

George Ricketts, of Knoxville, married to Miss Mollie Taylor Dec. 21st.

Mrs. Nancy Cook, of Scaffold Cane, visited her sister, Mrs. Dr. Williams.

A. T. Fish, Wildie's popular merchant, made us a pleasant call Monday.

H. C. Gentry has the thanks of this office for some gratuitous blacksmithing.

Mrs. M. E. Brown, our worthy post-mistress, was a welcome caller Wednesday.

J. H. McKinney and Miss Ophelia McAllister, of Pulaski, were married last week.

Nate Evans, night operator, and sister, Mrs. A. E. Miller, visited Zanesville, Ohio.

W. H. Cocks mentions gas having been struck in Smith oil well some years since.

Misses Amanda Ping, Julia Coyle and Mattie Rowzie, paid this office a pleasant call Wednesday.

D. N. Williams showed us an old letter from Gen. Winfield Scott, dated Washington, Dec. 17, 1861.

C. S. Nield, formerly a journalist of Harrodsburg, made himself at home among our exchanges Monday.

Miss Lucile Joplin brightened the gloom of this office with her presence for a few minutes Tuesday afternoon.

The Stewartville, (Mo.,) bank, that collapsed two weeks since, caught our townsman C. W. Adams, for \$2000 in gold.

When our London friends meet a fine looking Mt. Vernon boy in their town this week, we hope they will treat him well—but not too often. He is the SIGNAL's traveling solicitor, Mr. R. G. Williams, and has gone there to corral subsidies and job work.

All things work together for good of those who love the Lord. As if to furnish Jim Merit items when news is scarce, the people of Rockcastle county have broken out to killing each other; two or three strong men have bitten the dust there in less than a week.—Lebanon Enterprise.

A WOMAN'S AWFUL PERIL.

"There is only one chance to save your life and that is through an operation" were the startling words heard by Mrs. I. B. Hunt of Lime Ridge, Wis., from her doctor after he had vainly tried to cure her of a frightful case of stomach trouble and yellow jaundice. Gall stones had formed and she constantly grew worse. Then she began to use Electric Bitters which wholly cured her. It's a wonderful Stomach, Liver and Kidney remedy. Cures Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite. Try it. Only 50 cts. Guaranteed. For sale by all Druggists.

QUAIL

J. M. Craig was in Mt. Vernon last Saturday.

Dr. M. D. Bryant was in Mt. Vernon Tuesday.

Born, to the wife of John M. Brown, a fine boy.

George Marler was at home from Pittsburg last Sunday and Monday.

Jo Holman, of Crab Orchard, is visiting relatives in this vicinity.

Ollie Hunt, who has been in Indiana for four years, has returned to visit relatives.

W. H. Brown and Josh Wilson have been in the country buying cattle at very fair prices.

Judge R. G. Williams passed through this country last week, en route to Pulaski, on professional business.

G. B. Sutton, H. G. Sutton and J. M. Craig, attended court at Lancaster last Monday and report the market dull.

Land, Stock and Crop

A car load of California honey was barred from the Chicago market recently by the Pure Food Commission on the ground that it was not pure honey. It was marked "pure clover honey," but was a good article of glucose, or at least it contained about sixty per cent of glucose.

Corn is selling at \$1 a bushel in several counties in the Blue Grass Region. The price in car lots in Cincinnati, Thursday morning was: Yellow ear, 72 1/2 cts. on track, No. 2 yellow, 70 cts., and No. 2 white for same; oats, No. 2 white, 51 1/2 cts., No. 2 mixed 50 cts. on track; wheat, No. 2 winter red, 85 1/2 cts., and 86 cts. on track.—Winchester Democrat.

Lutes & Co. sold to Boyle county parties 32 head of yearlings at 3 1/4Hark Hardin bought of George A. Peyton 15 head of 640-lb. cattle at 3 1/4Fox & McDowell, of Boyle, bought 46 head of 1,400-lb. cattle of Springfield parties at 5 ctsJames Bales, of Madison, bought of J. P. Riffe, of the West End, a car load of 1,450-lb. cattle at 5 1/4 cts.—Lincoln Democrat.

A DEFINITE CONTRACT

Nothing estimated;
Nothing speculated;
Not words, but deeds;

Every result guaranteed,
that's what a policy in

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of Kentucky

JS. and that's what a "whole lot" of the insurance policies ARE NOT. Suppose you give a HOME COMPANY a trial—a company with over \$3,000,000 assets and over \$200,000 surplus—bearing in mind that its policies are INCONTINGIBLE from date of issue. Let's talk it over. Call or write.

J. C. BRECK JR., Special Agent, State Bank and Trust Bldg., Richmond, Ky.

Miss ELLEN E. BUTNER, District Agent, Mt. Vernon, Kentucky.

SAW DEATH NEAR

"If often made my heart ache," writes L. C. Overstreet, of Elgin, Tenn., "to hear my wife cough until it seemed her weak and sore lungs would collapse. Good doctors said she was so far gone with Consumption that no medicine or earthly help could save her, but a friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery and persistent use of this excellent medicine saved her life." It's absolutely guaranteed for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma and all Throat and Lung diseases. 50c and \$1.00 at all Druggists. Trial bottles free.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

Counting Them All In.
George's mother insisted upon his repeating the prayer of childhood. He started sleepily, requiring promptings at the beginning of every line. Drowsiness had nearly won the mastery by the time that he had obediently got as far as "my soul to take."
"God bless—" prompted his mother. George has a long list of relatives. There was a flutter of his sleep-laden lids as he lumped them together: "God bless the whole shooting match."
And he was asleep at last.—Boston Transcript.

The Deacon's Theory.
"Deacon," said the minister, after the congregation had been dismissed, "how do you account for the unusually poor collection we had this morning?"
"Well, parson," replied the deacon, "the only way I can account for it is that the people have decided to pay according to the sermons delivered."—Chicago Daily News.

Still Thrilled.
Her voice used to thrill him; When she mentioned his name, His heart leaped within him, His soul was aflame, Her voice made his heart leap When he was her lover— Since she's his, when she calls him, He jumps up all over!—Chicago Times-Herald.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.



Constable (to deaf witness) — His worship asks if you are a married man? Witness — No, sir. I got these scratches through falling at night into a wire fence.—Ally Sloper.

Another Bubble Picked.
The sun shines not on all alike, I'll wager all my shakels: For some it very kindly tanks, And some it meanly frocks.—Puck.

Her Object Attained.
"Forgive me, my dear," said the gossip, humbly, "but I thoughtlessly mentioned to Mrs. Brown the things that you told me in strict confidence."
"There is nothing to forgive," replied the wise woman, pleasantly. "It was for that very purpose that I told them to you in strict confidence."—Chicago Post.

His Mistake.
Percy—I made a big mistake when I asked old Gotrox for his daughter's hand, and told him I was descended from King Alfred the Great! Percy—How was that? Percy—Why, he said so was his family, and he didn't believe in marriage between blood relations!—Puck.

Heard the Shirt.
Hewitt—Did you recognize my voice the other day when I telephoned to you? Jewett—No. Hewitt—But you seemed to know at once who it was. Jewett—I could hear the colored shirt you had on.—Town Topics.

Ignorant City Folks.
City Niece (reprovingly) — Uncle Wayback, why do you pour your coffee into the saucer before drinking it? Uncle Wayback—To cool it. The more air surface you give it, the quicker it cools. Guess these 'ere city schools don't teach much science, do they?—N. Y. Weekly.

She Knew Him.
Visitor—I wonder what that awful roaring sound is! Can it be that a storm is coming up? Mrs. Growell—Oh, no; don't be alarmed. It is only Mr. Growell upstairs hunting for a lost collar button.—Chicago Daily News.

Enough for Her.
"Do you think you can manage with my salary of \$12 a week, darling?" he asked after she had said yes. "I'll try, Jack," she replied. "But what will you do?"—Philadelphia North American.

A Star Attraction.
Friend—Are you going to have a sea serpent this summer? Proprietor Summer Hotel—No; I've arranged for a scandal in high society to take place here early in the season.—N. Y. Journal.

Discouraging.
Collector—Can't you fix a date now when you will pay this little bill? Debtor—Impossible, my dear fellow. I never make engagements more than two years in advance.—Somerville Journal.

Why He Quailed.
Wife—You used to say you would risk your life for me, and now you are afraid to discharge the cook. Husband—It isn't death I fear, Maria; it's mutilation.—N. Y. Journal.

New Toes.
Shoe Clerk—Entirely new toes will be seen in shoes this year. Customer—Well, I guess I will be satisfied with the same toes I've always had.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Lucky Dog.
She—Are you lucky in love? He—Should say I was. I have been refused five times in three years.—Tit-Bits.

Prevarication.
"Her complexion is a delusion!" "Therein lies its charm!"—Petrel Journal.

What a mockery of fairness it was to scold the commander of the army for praising Schley and politely request the resignation of a test clerk for abusing him.



ARE YOU DEAF? ANY HEAD NOISES?

ALL CASES OF DEAFNESS OR HARD HEARING ARE NOW CURABLE

by our new invention. Only those born deaf are incurable. HEAD NOISES CEASE IMMEDIATELY.

F. A. WERMAN, OF BALTIMORE, SAYS: Baltimore, Md., March 30, 1901. Gentlemen:—Being entirely cured of deafness, thanks to your treatment, I will now give you a full history of my case, to be read at once and in season. About five years ago my right ear began to ring, and this kept on getting worse, until I lost my hearing in this ear entirely. I underwent a treatment for catarrh, for three months, without success, consulted a number of physicians, among others, the best current ear specialists of this city, who told me that only an operation could help me, and even that only temporarily, that the head noises would then cease, but the hearing in the affected ear would be lost forever. I then saw your advertisement, accidentally in a New York paper, and ordered your treatment. After I had used it only a few days according to your directions, the noises ceased, and to-day, after five weeks, my hearing in the diseased ear has been entirely restored. I thank you heartily and beg to remain Very truly yours, F. A. WERMAN, 730 S. Broadway, Baltimore, Md.

Our treatment does not interfere with your usual occupation. Examination and advice free. YOU CAN CURE YOURSELF AT HOME at a nominal cost. INTERNATIONAL AURAL CLINIC, 596 LA SALLE AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

Love at First Sight

will describe your sensations when you receive the garments made for you by STRAUSS BROS., "America's Leading Tailors," Chicago. They are masters in the tailoring business. Their pre-eminent position has been attained by satisfying their customers. They never fail to please because they guarantee satisfaction and live up to it. Their tailoring creates an impression—graceful, elegant, perfect fitting. You will wonder how we can afford to charge the low prices we quote for it. Call on us and see our great assortment of trustworthy woolsens.

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Mt Vernon, Ky.

Call at Signal Office.

Mt. Vernon Signal

Mt. VERNON, KY., DEC. 27, 1901.



TIME TABLE.

24 north	11:05 a m
26 north	1:12 a m
23 south	2:00 p m
25 South	1:48 a m

JAS. LANDRUM, Agent.

Entered at the Mt. Vernon, Ky., Post-office as second-class mail matter.

MASONIC

Ashland Lodge No. 640 meets 2nd Saturday, 10 A. M.
 23-MT. VERNON R. A. CHAPTER, No. 140—MEETS every FOURTH MONDAY at 2 p. m.

CHURCHES.

Christian—Holds services 1st & 3rd Sunday at 11 a. m. and at 6:30 p. m.

Presbyterian—Holds services on the 2nd and 4th Sunday, morning and evening.

Baptist Church—Services on the Second Saturday night and Sunday. Sunday School at 9 a m every Sunday. Prayer meeting on Tuesday nights.

PERSONALS

Mace Miller is working at Jellico.
 Mr. J. W. Baker was here Sunday.

Mit Frazier is visiting relatives here.

J. A. Chappel, special agent, was here yesterday.

R. L. Joplin is spending this week with homefolks.

Mr. M. C. Williams and family spent Xmas here.

W. H. Cottengim was up from Livingston yesterday.

Mrs. Walter Turpen is visiting relatives in Livingston.

Miss Rhoda White is visiting her Aunt. Mrs. Jonas McKenzie.

John Moore, of near Bera, is visiting his cousin Burdette Houk.

U. G. Baker and son Fred spent Wednesday night in Livingston.

Miss Ann Baker, of Livingston, is visiting relatives her this week.

Dr. M. L. Myers our splendid dentist spent last Monday in Cincinnati.

Miss Nellie Dolan is spending this week with her sister, Mrs. R. A. Welsh.

Mr. G. W. Gentry began moving yesterday to his new home on Renfro's Creek.

Miss Margie McClary is at home from Hamilton college spending the holidays.

A. W. Soward, of this office, spent Xmas day with homefolks in Georgetown.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Houk, of Gum Sulphur, came up Monday to spend Xmas.

Miss Minnie Mitchell is spending the holidays with Dove B. Letcher in Richmond.

Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Bethurum and little Jake Williams went to Louisville yesterday.

M. S. Purdom, of Peoria, Ill., was here the first of the week to see his brother, Dave.

Walter Rivers, clerk for Houk and Adams at Livingston, was here between trains Sunday.

W. C. Mullins was up from Livingston Tuesday and John Magee was here Wednesday.

Mesdames J. E. and Elmer Houk and Miss Bessie Houk spent Wednesday night in Livingston.

Judge and Mrs. J. B. Fish are with Mrs. Fish's parents Mr. and Mrs. Arthur at Williamsburg.

The beautiful Miss Pattie Green will arrive this afternoon to visit her sister, Mrs. M. C. Miller.

Mrs. W. R. McClure and daughter, Miss Fannie, visited her niece Mrs. Jim Meadows at Pine Hill.

John Colyer is back on his old stamping ground, spending a few days with Willie and Sam Hysinger.

Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Davis spent Tuesday and Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Champ at Paint Lick.

Mr. and Mrs. Tip Langford returned from Crab Orchard Monday and reported John Dameron very low with consumption.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Forrester will leave Monday night for Knoxville.

Misses Georgie Hayes and May Coffee, of near Wildie, spent Xmas with relatives and friends here.

Mesdames R. E. and Booth Thompson and children, of Lancaster, are visiting Mrs. W. M. Poynter.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Forrester were royally entertained at dinner by Dr. and Mrs. M. L. Myers Wednesday.

Mrs. Cleo W. Brown and Son, McKenzie, arrived from Georgetown Tuesday; and we are glad to say not to return.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Adams visiting Mrs. Adams' parents at Rockhold. Ap Taylor has charge of the section during Mr. A's absence.

Forest Turpen was here attending a meeting of the Chapter Monday and told us he would probably move to Texas in the near future.

LOCALS

Remember the L. & N. still offers a rate of 1 1/2 fare, round trip good until January 3rd.

Cut.—Cliff Smith, living near Brodhead was probably fatally cut by one of Lige Cox's sons Tuesday night.

CHANGED.—Judge Williams made an order last Monday, changing the voting place from Lee Arnold's to the town of Livingston.

Hezekiah Mounce and a Miss Brooks, living near Gum Sulphur were wounded by a shot from a shotgun fired through a door by some unknown person.

SOLD OUT.—J. H. Hagan has sold his stock of drugs at Crab Orchard to Mr. J. J. Brooks, and will return to Livingston and accept a position with J. C. Hocker and Co.

When some of our subscribers are making their resolutions for the new year, we earnestly hope they will resolve to pay that old back subscription and then stick to it.

MUST PAY.—The first of the year is now at hand those indebted to me must come in at once and settle. Don't think this doesn't mean you for it does.

W. M. Poynter.

GOOD SUCCESS.—W. M. Owens says the singing school just closed at Chestnut Ridge school house, was a great success. Mr. James Cromer, the instructor, gave such universal satisfaction, that another class has been made up to commence work the first of January.

The pupils receiving the highest grades at the College for the month of December, are the following:

COLLEGIATE DEPT.	
Lee Chestnut	97
Ernest Ewers	96
James Pennington	96
INTERMEDIATE DEPT.	
George Childress	97
PRIMARY DEPT.	
Mattie Baker	97
Jake Williams	97
Rob. H. Miller	96
Bessie Sparks	96
Anna M. Miller	96
Lelia May Lovell	96

CLOSED.—The Collegiate Institute closed Friday night for the Holidays, with a nice entertainment and musicale. "Lucy's Old Man" was played by Misses Minerva Price, Annie Thompson and Reba Baker, and Messrs. Cossie Sutton and Willie Krueger, and was greatly enjoyed by the large audience which filled the College chapel to its full capacity. Misses Risse Williams, Alza Thompson, Fannie Sparks and Mae Magee each played a piano solo, while Ernest Ewers and Claud Cox sang a duet, all of which, was creditably done and specially enjoyed.

NOTICE.

I wish to thank my many customers for the liberal patronage they have favored me with for the past year, and hope to have a continuance next year, if it is agreeable with you. But in order for me to accommodate you, I will be compelled to call on those who owe me on the present year's account, to call and settle same. We should settle in full at least once a year. So I hope you will respond to this call and oblige.

Yours respectfully,
 JONAS MCKENZIE.

Christmas passed off very quietly and but little trouble is reported from any part of the county.

John Payne cut Logan Thompson Jr., at Crab Orchard Tuesday, inflicting a slight wound in the shoulder.

MISS BESSIE POYNTER WINS THE CHRISTMAS PRIZE

Miss Bessie Poynter, the bright little 13-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Poynter, wins first prize—\$2.00. offered by the Courier-Journal for the best Christmas poem. Miss Bessie is one of the smartest and best read girls, of her age, we know of, and the poem printed below, that won the prize over several hundred contestants, is only one of her many creditable productions:

CHRISTMAS.

One Christmas Eve, in Bethlehem,
 A little baby lay,
 In a manger, where the cattle fed,
 Cradled in the hay.

The shepherds watching o'er the flock
 Of straying, wandering sheep,
 Very tired and weary grown,
 Had fallen fast asleep.

When an angel appeared to them
 and said:
 "Peace on earth, good will to men,"
 The baby lay in swaddling clothes,
 They went forth and worshiped
 Him there.

The star appeared up in the sky,
 To guide the wise men from the East,
 Who brought gifts of frankincense
 and myrrh,

To Christ, the Prince of Peace.
 They rode on camels white as snow,
 To where the baby lay;
 No lace adorned His little crib—
 He was cradled in the hay.

"Peace on earth good will to men,
 Glory to God," the angels sing;
 "Christ our Lord is born this night,
 He is our Savior, He's our King."

BESSIE POYNTER,
 13 years of age, Mt. Vernon, Rockcastle county, Ky.

LIVINGSTON

Mr. and Mrs. Will Owens, were in Mt. Vernon Saturday.

Joe Lynn Coffey, of Stanford, is the guest of his cousin, John Dillion.

Miss Ella May Saunders, of Stanford, is visiting Mrs. W. R. Dillion.

Bee Clark and wife, of Pittsburg, are the guests of Mrs. Logan Salvers.

J. T. Blankenship spent Sunday with his family at Bailey's Switch, Sunday.

Thos. Lasley is visiting his mother, Mrs. Annie Lasley, at Stanford.

Born, to the wife of Geo. McCarthy, Friday December 20th., a little son.

Miss Kittie Poynter, of Mt. Vernon, is here with her mother, Mrs. Wilmoth Poynter.

Misses Nora Tubbs and Nannie Maddux visited friends at Mullins Station Tuesday.

Miss Effie Meadows accompanied Miss Dule Berry to her home at Pine Hill, Saturday.

Ed Woodall, of Hazel Patch, was the guest of Section Foreman, Geo. Doss, Sunday.

Miss May Magee, who is attending College at Mt. Vernon, was at home for Christmas.

Miss Helen Singleton, of Singleton Valley, this county, is with Mrs. Maggie Singleton.

Lost, strayed or stolen, Joe Gabrielle—found after a seven hour's search—with Bill Dillion.

Mrs. Jas. E. Houk and Miss Bessie Houk, of Mt. Vernon, were the guests of Mrs. Brack Graves, Xmas day.

Mrs. James Taylor returned home after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Owens, at Maretburg.

Mrs. Ed Blick, of Covington, is visiting her mother, Mrs. T. J. Ballard, on Big Hill, and relatives of this place.

Daniel Sowder and daughter, of Plainfield, Ind., returned home last week after a pleasant visit with relatives here.

W. F. Tubbs and Bill Mullins entertained S. F. Hocker, of Pittsburg, Geo. McCarthy, Chas. Bryant, Wix Dillion, Arthur Martin, Shannon McKinney, Jim Hocker and Tee Griffin, with a stag dance Christmas day.

Mrs. Eliza Mullins, of Mullins Station, spent Christmas with friends at the Mullins hotel.

Contractor L. T. Bradford, of New Albany, Ind., Pat Cook of Louisville, and Joe and Gus Gabrielle, of Nashville, Tenn., who are working on the L. & N. bridge at this place, are spending the Holidays with homefolks.

Everybody seemed to have the Christmas spirit here; every one to his own way—jugs, jugs, etc. etc. There was a Tree with presents for the little ones, at each of the churches, also one at the Mullins hotel, where Bill Mullins made a good Kris Kringle, assisted by Tom Daniels.

CONWAY

H. Blazer was in Berea last Saturday on business.

Birl Stigall was in Berea last Monday shopping.

Geo. Owens was in our little town Christmas eve.

J. M. Nave went to Nicholasville last Tuesday to spend Christmas.

Jesse Dykes and family are visiting relatives in Clark, this week.

A. L. Miller, of Parkersville, W. Va., was here last Saturday on business.

Jesse Dykes was in Richmond first of the week on important business.

Hurah for M. H. Jordan—he says to send him the SIGNAL for a whole year.

Mrs. M. L. Kelton spent Christmas with her son, C. A. Kelton, at Sherman.

Mrs. Joe Lewis and sister are visiting their mother, Mrs. James Gatliff, this week.

Mrs. M. H. Jordan spent Christmas with her cousin, Miss Ada Hamilton, at Lexington.

Mrs. Perry Todd left here last Monday evening to take Christmas with relatives in Livingston.

Perry Todd and wife were down from Berea and spent a few days with his father, first of the week.

J. H. Sigman was in Louisville the latter part of last week and the first of this week on very important business.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Jones and Miss Eliza Jones are visiting relatives, and taking Christmas in Berea this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Arnold's little girl, Nannie, was taken very sick last Sunday evening, but is better at this writing.

Wm. Reeves, the oil well driller, passed through from Copper creek last Monday on his way to Morehead, to spend Christmas with his family.

M. H. Jordan and M. L. Kelton are left to do their own cooking this week. We suppose they will have something nice to eat while their frow's are away.

Head-ache.

Sick headache, nervous headache, tired headache, neuralgic headache, catarrhal headache, headache from excitement, in fact, headaches of all kinds are quickly and surely cured with

DR. MILES' Pain Pills.

Also all pains such as backache, neuralgia, sciatica, rheumatic pains, monthly pains, etc.

"Dr. Miles' Pain Pills are worth their weight in gold," says Mr. W. D. Kreamer, of Arkansas City, Kan. "They cured my wife of chronic headache when nothing else would."

"Dr. Miles' Pain Pills drive away pain as if by magic. I am never without a supply, and think everyone should keep them handy. One or two pills taken on approach of headache will prevent it every time."

Mrs. JUDITH JOHNSON, Chicago, Ill.

Through their use thousands of people have been enabled to attend social and religious functions, travel, enjoy amusements, etc., with comfort. As a preventive, when taken on the approach of a recurring attack, they are excellent.

Sold by all Druggists,
 25 Doses, 25 cents.
 Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

HOUK & ADAMS,
 MT. VERNON, KY.

HEADQUARTERS
 FOR ST. NICHOLAS.

HOUK & ADAMS,
 LIVINGSTON, KY.

HOUK & ADAMS.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

IS a time when children are made happy if you will visit our store and select nice presents for your little tots. A small outlay will insure the little boys and girls, and grown up boys and girls A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR.

SANTA CLAUS will be pleased to show you through his nice display of all kind of Holiday Goods, such as

TOYS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

DOLLS—Pretty faces and beautiful forms, and little colored dolls for the girls,

USEFUL and pleasing Toys that every boy should have for Christmas. They are the pick of Santa's pack, and all must go by the end of the Holiday's.

Houk & Adams is the place to get all the fine stick and mixed candies, fire works, etc.

Then Houk & Adams not only have Holiday Goods in stock at both their stores, but groceries and general merchandise selected for the Holiday trade. Come and get the pick of our big stock

Phone No. 25, Ring 3

CHAS. C. DAVIS

(SUCCESSOR TO THEO WESLEY.)

The Place to Obtain
 Fresh Drugs,

—ALSO—

Patent Medicines of all Kinds,
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CIGARS AND TOBACCO,

Paints and Oils,

PRESSCRIPTIONS carefully Compounded at all hours, day or night.

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BRODHEAD, KENTUCKY.

COME today. COME tomorrow. COME any time. But for your own interest, be sure to come.

—DON'T BUY FROM US until you've looked around, if you prefer it that way, but in any event don't fail to see US before you buy.

We will save You Time and Money.

Can goods, 8 1/2c.—2 lb Rolled Oats, 12 1/2c.

Big Bargains in CLOTHING, SHOES, HATS, DRY GOODS,

AND NOTIONS.

WILL put U on top by Selling U at the bottom.

BETTER GOODS AT LOWER PRICES THAN YOU CAN GET ELSEWHERE

WILL PAY HIGHEST PRICE FOR COUNTRY PRODUCE.

'CAN'T Afford TO Paint'

THE man who says that, forgets that painting properly done is economy, and the fact is he can't afford NOT to paint.

HOW often you require to paint is largely dependent upon the paint you use.

The Sherman-Williams Paints out last others. They are the most economical paints you can use, because they cover most and wear longest. Add to this their good appearance, and you have perfect paints—THE SHERMAN-WILLIAMS PAINTS.

They are made for many different kinds of painting. Whatever it is you want to paint—a house, or anything in or out of the house—we make the right paint for that particular purpose—not one slap dash mixture for all.

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AMPLE rooms for Commercial men.

DOUBLE DAILY TRAINS
BETWEEN
Louisville and St. Louis
Parlor Cars on Day Trains.
Pullman Buffet Sleepers on Night Trains.
For rates and further information, address
L. J. IRWIN, G. P. A.
LOUISVILLE, KY.

A Skeptic.
 "What is an heirloom, pa?"
 "Well, it's all that old-fashioned jewelry your mother bought before I knew her."—Chicago Record.


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DO all kinds repairing, gold and
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sent fit. Eyes tested and glasses
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Call at my shop, at Chas. C
Davis' drugstore, and have your
work neatly done, at reasonable
prices.

Old newspapers for sale at this
office, 25 cts per hundred.